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WANTS.

SIR RICHARD STEELE was once reproached by the enthusiastic but disinterested Whiston, for having, in the House of Commons, given some votes contrary to his formerly professed opinions: his answer was, "Mr Whiston, you can walk on foot, but I cannot." A coach had become so essential to Steele, that, rather than want it, he would abandon some of his most cherished principles, and subject himself to the most odious of imputations. We may inquire if the purchase was worthy of its price.

It would be vain to deny that human wants are, in great part, the source of all that affluence and efficacy for which nations pride themselves. The poets and moralists of the last century declaimed against luxury as the bane of a people, and fondly wished for a return of the time when men were content with pulse, and little of that.* But such moralisings, like all others which call for something beyond what human nature is disposed to grant, passed over the national mind like water shed from the glossy wing of the wild-duck, leaving no trace of its having ever been there. In reality, the tribes which live upon very simple fare, and care for no elegance either in their houses or their attire, are usually found at a very low point in both the scale of intellect and the scale of morality. Their contentment is only another word for nerveless indolence, and they are, of all others, the greatest rebels against the divine will, which certainly is that man shall use his faculties—exercise the whole of them actively, harmoniously, and moderately—for the improvement of his condition; many of these faculties being neither more nor less than wants. The difference, indeed, between the present state of the Turks and the British has a more express relation to the difference between their respective wants, than may be easily believed. The English have perhaps of all nations the greatest and most numerous wants—probably double what the French have, and ten times more than what animate many remoter nations. They are proverbially a grumbling people—dissatisfied in the midst of the most enviable enjoyments—alike wealthy and discontented beyond all precedent. But this peculiarity of character, however absurd it may appear, is perhaps that which has prompted them to

those exertions, by which not only are their wants most liberally supplied, but a wealth accumulated, such as has enabled them to baffle almost a hostile world. It is an unfavourable sign of a nation when it is easily contented. If, in foreign travel, you arrive in a country where the inhabitants seem to enjoy themselves over a few dates, a bit of macaroni, or a handful of garlic and onions, you may be assured that that country is by no means in a good way. Its exports and its imports will be alike trifling, and it would make but a poor appearance in the front of an invading enemy.

The same doctrine may be extended, with some restrictions, to individuals. He who has few wants, and is indifferent to the luxuries which he sees others enjoying, will, if perfectly sincere, and not animated by other motives, hardly ever do any thing great. Ordinary merit will, under such circumstances, keep an ordinary level, if it do not sink somewhat beneath it, while talents will be possessed in vain, or employed upon matters unworthy of them. Upon a review of those whom I have known to forfeit opportunities of advancement, or fall into habits and spheres of life much beneath what appeared originally designed for them, I am disposed to think, that, while many were shipwrecked by extravagance and profligacy, there were not a few whose ruin was owing to something like the reverse, a too feeble development of those desires, to gratify which the most of men are daily toiling. Such men are said to want ambition—to have no spirit; when the simple truth is, that they are in the condition of those nations, which spend age after age without sensible improvement of any kind, each generation being contented, like its fathers, with dates, garlic, and macaroni.

Though this doctrine is fully acknowledged by the political economists, it may be somewhat startling to a considerable portion of society. The consequences of excessive desires are so conspicuously fatal, and the advantages and high morality of a restraining of them within moderate bounds are so obvious, that they become in all shapes a subject of dread, and are apt to be condemned in the lump. There are many people, who, from conscientious motives, either struggle altogether to suppress their desires, or so mingle mortification with indulgence as to assure themselves that they are doing no harm. The grumbling of the English is perhaps in some measure designed as a kind of controlling or damping power, to prevent the heart from being too voluptuously happy; while their northern neighbours, or at least such of them as preserve rural and primitive manners, often show, by the grieving solemnity with which they sit down to a meal, as if they feared to acknowledge their gratification. There is a hypocritical species of luxury, which may be observed in many circles where open and candid indulgences are denounced. The pleasure of entertaining an affectionate and respectful party of friends is denied; a plainness in house and clothing is assumed; and unlimited abuse is launched at all who, in any way, can be presumed to lay themselves open to the charge of profusion. But, beneath all this puritanism, every kind of solacement that makes no show, is demurely indulged in. Gluttony and even drunkenness are perhaps practised. Or at least no comfort of any kind is wanted. So that fully more gratification, and of a far more sordid and selfish kind, is appropriated, than falls to the lot of those who are the objects of their vituperation. The error of these individuals does not so much arise from that obliquity which, according to Butler, compounds for the beloved by condemning the detested sin, as from the general dread entertained respecting indulgences. They suppress the desires

which, from coming broadly before the world, are the subject of frequent censure, or have what may be called a bad repute, and console themselves by large gratification of others which are not so apt to lead to reproach. Having, in common with the great bulk of mankind, no moral guide besides the voice of public opinion, they see no sin in any thing to which that voice seldom adverts, but would be truly shocked by the imputation of any indulgence which is commonly so called. This notion respecting indulgences is most unphilosophical. There is, in reality, no want, which, in a certain extent and manner of indulgence, is not legitimate and laudable, nor any object in nature, which has not its proper application to our wants. True virtue consists in the regulation of the desires, not in their forcible suppression; and true wisdom in the moderate appropriation and use of all the objects of nature.

But, while we have to deplore, alike in nations and in individuals, a too great indifference to comforts and luxuries, as apt to be allied to a character from which no good can be expected, we have equally to deprecate all excess, whether in the number or the quality of our wants. Let us not be indifferent to the good things of the world; but neither let us place too much of our happiness upon the indulgence of our desires. He who errs in the one way may reasonably be expected to come to nothing; but equally probable is it that he who errs in the other way, will from good fall into great evil. Gluttony, drunkenness, avarice, and ostentatious living, are but a few of the vices constituted by inordinate desires; and every one of them may lead to, or be exaggerated into, crime. Nor is it alone in these well-defined forms that inordinate wants may be manifested. There are thousands of ways in which they may beset us, and be productive of grievous error. The want or presumed necessity of riding in a coach, which caused Sir Richard Steele to pledge away his conscience, is but a specimen of the particular shapes which our desires will take.

The natural and invariable results of an excess of wants above the means of legitimately gratifying them, are either a load of debt, cramping the liberty and destroying the dignity of the individual, or a stooping to ignoble and immoral means of increasing income. The independent man is he who has no wants which he cannot gratify without the least risk of being taken into bondage or tempted to dishonour: a man ten times richer, but with twenty times more wants, is in reality twice as poor. Of the lamentable moral sacrifices frequently occasioned by a disproportion between wants and the means of gratifying them, no more striking instance could be desired than that made by Steele for the sake of an equipage: it happens that the same man, who, though he knew well what was good, could not always practise it, has given in his writings as eloquent an illustration of the misery produced by debt—a misery from which his own prodigality scarcely ever suffered him to be free. "I am astonished," says this amiable but inconsistent character, "that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible [that] a man who is given to contract debts, should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, 'That he is unjust,' without defamation; and can seize his person without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of

* The same idea prevailed among ancient nations in the midst of their highest luxury, and their prevalence in the earlier ages of our own history is proved by those sumptuary laws, by which the legislature so vainly, and it may be added so unjustly, endeavoured to prevent the various ranks of men from enjoying the fruits of their industry or of their patrimonial possessions. "There is hardly," says Mr Macculloch, "a single article among those that are now reckoned most indispensable to existence, or a single improvement of any sort, which has not been denounced at its introduction as an useless superfluity, or as being in some way injurious. Few articles of clothing are at present considered more indispensable than shirts; but there are instances on record of individuals being put in the pillory for presuming to wear so expensive and unnecessary a luxury! Chimneys were not commonly used in England till the middle of the sixteenth century; and, in the introductory discourse to Hollinshed's Chronicles, published in 1577, there is a bitter complaint of the multitude of chimneys lately erected, of the exchange of straw pallets for mattresses or flockbeds, and of wooden platters for earthen ware and pewter. In another place, he laments that nothing but oak is used for building, instead of willow as heretofore; adding that formerly our houses indeed were of willow, but our men were of oak; but now that our houses are of oak, our men are not only of willow, but some altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration."

"Refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life, has no natural tendency," says David Hume, "to beget venality and corruption. The value which all men put upon any particular pleasure depends on comparison and experience; nor is a porter less greedy of money, which he spends on bacon and brandy, than a courtier who purchases champagne and ortolans. Riches are valuable at all times, and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire; nor can any thing restrain and regulate the love of money but a sense of honour and virtue, which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will generally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement."

them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any man breathing? Yet he that is in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends on his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince."

A restraint upon personal wants is, above all, necessary in those who would do any thing great. A modern painter, of distinguished genius, on entering the world, resolved to disregard all the usual arts of his profession, to hold privileged academies and aristocratic patrons in scorn, to paint, in short, for the people, and trust to the people for his reward. In order to execute a purpose so lofty, he would have not only required great hardness of heart and uncommon perseverance, but he should have been able to dispense with many indulgences which, under different circumstances, would probably have been sooner at his command. On the contrary, while professing to court only the people, he deemed it necessary to set up a costly house and equipage, and launch into those circles of society which men of the same profession only enter when, possessing the necessary funds, they hope by such means to secure an elevated class of customers. The consequence was an embarrassment, from the troubles and disgraces of which the unfortunate artist has never since emancipated himself. How many young persons arrive at similar misery, through a disproportion between their wants and their means of indulging them! Placing themselves under the standard of Passion, when they ought rather to have become adherents of Patience (see Bunyan's beautiful allegory in the Interpreter's House), they spend their day of life ere it is yet noon, and, while their early companions are proceeding to an honoured and happy old age, are found to have long since sunk into misery, if not into a premature grave.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

RISE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[This article forms the initial chapter of the work entitled "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE," just published by W. and R. Chambers, as a portion of their EDUCATIONAL COURSE, announced in last number of the Journal. It is presented here, for the purpose of conveying to our extensive circle of readers some notion of the nature and style of a work designed not only for schools, but for all who are deficient in the subdivision of useful knowledge to which it relates.]

THE first language known to have been spoken in the British Islands, was one which is now totally unknown in England, but still exists, in various slightly altered shapes, in Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in many parts of Ireland. This language is usually called, in reference to England, the British tongue; in reference to Scotland, the Gaelic; and in reference to Ireland, the Irish. It was originally the language of a large body of people called the Celts, who, several centuries before the Christian era, occupied all the western parts of Europe, but are now to be traced only in the Welsh, the Scottish Highlanders, the Irish, and a few tribes scattered along the western shores of France and Spain. A great number of names of places, both in England and in the Lowlands of Scotland, and many of the designations of natural objects, such as hills and rivers, are borrowed from this language, but we do not derive from it many of the words in our common speech.

In the fifth century, a people called Saxons, from Lower Germany, landed in the country now named England, and soon drove the original inhabitants into the western and northern parts of the island, where their descendants and language have ever since been found. In the course of time, nearly the whole island south of the Firths of Forth and Solway was over-spread by Saxons, whose posterity to this day forms the bulk of the people of that part of our country. From a leading branch of the Saxons, called Angles, the country took the name of England, while the new language was denominated, from them, the Anglo-Saxon.

This language was a branch of the Teutonic—that is, the language of the Teutones, a nation which occupied a large portion of central Europe at the same time that the Celts overspread the west. The Danes, the Dutch, the Germans, and the English, are all considered as nations chiefly of Teutonic origin; and their various languages bear, accordingly, a strong general resemblance.

From the sixth till the eleventh century, the Anglo-Saxon continued with little change to be the language of England. It only received accessions, during that time, from the Latin, which was brought in by Christian missionaries, and from the Danish, a kindred dialect of the Teutonic, which was introduced by the large hosts from Denmark, who endeavoured to effect settlements in England. At this period, literature was not neglected by the Anglo-Saxons. Their first known writer was *Gildas*, a historian, who flourished about the year 560. Another called *Bede*, a priest, who lived in the eighth century, was celebrated over all Europe for his learning and his literary productions. But the majority of the writers of that age

thought it necessary to compose their works in Latin, as it was only by that means they could make themselves intelligible to the learned of other countries, who were almost their only readers. The earliest existing specimen of composition in the Saxon tongue is a fragment by *Cadmon*, a monk of Whitby, who wrote religious poetry in a very sublime strain, in the eighth century, and who, for want of learning, was obliged to employ his own language. *King Alfred*, in the ninth century, employed himself in translating various works into Saxon, for the use of the people; and some progress seems soon after to have been made in the art of composing poetry in the common language. Yet these branches of literature were generally held in contempt in those days; and even for purposes of ordinary intercourse, the Anglo-Saxon became in time unfashionable. About the tenth century, the English gentry used to send their children to be educated in France, in order that they might acquire what was thought a more polite kind of speech.

In the year 1066, William, Duke of Normandy (a part of France), invaded and conquered Saxon England; and as the country was immediately parcelled out amongst the officers of the victorious army, Norman-French thenceforward became the language of the upper ranks, while Saxon remained only as the speech of the peasantry. In the course of time, these two languages melted into each other, and became the basis of the present English language, though it may be remarked that the Saxon is still chiefly employed to express our homelier and more familiar ideas.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while this process was going on, several writers used the popular language in the composition of rhyming chronicles, which, however, did not possess the least merit, either as poems or as histories. About the end of that period, when the French had become nearly identified with the Saxon, there arose a series of poets, who composed long romantic tales, in a manner which had been first practised by the bards of Provence (the south of France), who are otherwise known by the appellation of Troubadours; and the singing of these stories, to the melody of the harp, in the presence of persons of rank, became at the same time the employment of a famous set of men called MINSTRELS, some of whom were also poets. But the best part of the intellect of the country was still employed in learned compositions in Latin.

The minstrel-poems, though in many respects absurd, were improvements upon the dull chronicles of the preceding age. While they gave a picture of past events scarcely less true, they were more graceful in composition, and possessed something like the spirit of modern poetry. They were generally founded upon the adventures of some real hero, such as Charlemagne or Roland, whose example was held up to imitation as the perfection of human conduct. Nor were the great men of antiquity neglected by these bards. Alexander of Macedonia was a great favourite with them; and they would even resort to Grecian mythology for the subject of their lays. Theirs was a style of poetry highly suitable to the age in which they flourished—an age in which the spirit of military enterprise, fomented by religious enthusiasm, and a fantastic devotion to the fair sex, produced the system called Chivalry, and led to those gallant but unfortunate expeditions, the Crusades, which had for their object the rescue of the Holy Land from the dominion of the Saracens. A considerable number of the productions of the minstrels have been handed down in manuscript to modern times; and their manner of writing has been in some measure revived by Sir Walter Scott, and several other authors of the present age.

The Provençal poetry produced a greater or less effect in almost all civilised countries. In Italy, during the early part of the fourteenth century, it awakened the genius of Dante and Petrarch, who were the first to produce the sentimental and systematic poetry which has ever since been so considerable a department of European literature. Dante wrote chiefly in an allegorical style; that is to say, he described all kinds of abstract ideas under the semblance of things real and tangible. Petrarch, on the other hand, wrote amatory poetry with wonderful delicacy. There was another Italian writer, Boccaccio, who flourished a little later, and composed a series of entertaining stories in prose, which bears the general title of the *Decameron*. It is necessary to observe these things carefully, for English poetry was, in its origin, greatly affected by them.

Contemporary with Petrarch, and not long after the time of Dante, arose GEOFFREY CHAUCER, who is allowed to be the father of genuine English poetry. He flourished at the courts of Edward III. and Richard II., between the years 1360 and 1400, and not only possessed an original genius of the first order, but had improved himself by travel, and by all the learning of the times. Despising alike the dull old rhyming chronicles, and the more lively minstrels, he aimed at writing after the regular manner of the three illustrious Italians just mentioned, taking allegory from Dante, tenderness from Petrarch, and humorous anecdote from Boccaccio. He was himself a shrewd observer of character and manners, and seems to have been well acquainted with the world, such as it was in his own time. His chief work is that called the *Canterbury Tales*, which consists of a series of sportive and pathetic narratives, related by a miscellaneous company in the course of a religious pilgrimage

to Canterbury. The work opens with a description of the company setting out from the Tabard Inn in Southwark, and a minute account of the persons and the characters of the various pilgrims, who are nearly thirty in number. These characteristic sketches are in themselves allowed to display uncommon talent, so distinct is every one from the other, and so vividly are all presented to the mind of the reader. The Knight, the Yeoman, the Prioress, the Monk, the Merchant, the Lawyer, the Miller—all are exact and recognisable portraits. The tales told by the Canterbury pilgrims are partly humorous stories of humble life, partly romantic tales of chivalry, and only a few of them are supposed to have been altogether the invention of the poet. The general idea of the work was undoubtedly taken from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, which consists of a hundred tales, narrated, like those of Chaucer, by a company assembled by accident. Chaucer wrote many other poems, some of which were narrative and descriptive, while others were allegorical. He is held, notwithstanding the obscurity which time has brought over his works, to rank with Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and the other English poets of the first class.

Contemporary with Chaucer was JOHN GOWER, who wrote moral poetry of considerable merit. The same age produced the two first writers of English prose, Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, a celebrated traveller, and JOHN WICLIFFE, who distinguished himself by his attempts to reform religion. Mandeville travelled for thirty-four years preceding 1356, in Eastern countries, and on his return wrote in English, French, and Latin, an account of all he had seen, mixed up with innumerable fables, derived from preceding writers and from hearsay. Wicliffe, who was a learned ecclesiastic, and professor of divinity in Balliol College, Oxford, began about the year 1377 to write both in Latin and English against the power of the Pope, and the various observances of the Catholic church; from his doing this long before general attention was directed to the subject, he has been called "the Morning Star of the Reformation." Among his voluminous writings was a translation of the Bible into English, which, however, was not the first that had been executed. As a specimen of the prose of this period, a passage from his New Testament is quoted below.*

Chaucer must also be considered as one of the prose writers of this age; he wrote, in that manner, a philosophical and meditative work called the *Testament of Love*, and two of the *Canterbury Tales* are in prose. The English language was now beginning to be considered as sufficiently polite for literary purposes, and was every where rising in estimation. From the Conquest till this time, French had been the language of education, and when Latin was translated in the schools, it was not translated into English, but into French. But now the schoolmasters began to acknowledge the existence of English, and to construe Latin into it. The king (Edward III.) also abolished the use of French in the public acts and judicial proceedings, and substituted English in its stead. This English, however, as already mentioned, contained many French words, which had been gradually adopted from the Norman gentry.

The language at this time used in the lowland districts of Scotland was chiefly of Teutonic origin, partly through the Saxons who had spread northward, and partly through Danish settlers and others from the north of Europe, who had taken possession of the eastern coasts. Except in its having a slighter mixture of Norman, the Scotch at this time very much resembled the English, and continued to do so till a comparatively recent period. As literary ideas and modes usually rose in the south of Europe, and went northward, England naturally became the medium through which these were communicated to Scotland, and the latter country was of course a little later in exhibiting native writers of all the various orders. Thus the time of Chaucer and of genuine poetry in England was that in which Scotland first produced rhyming chronicles; while the minstrels were a little later still. The first of the Scottish chronicles was JOHN BARBOUR, archdeacon in the cathedral of Aberdeen, and a man of considerable learning. He, about the year 1371, composed a long poem in eight-syllabled measure, commemorating the adventures of King Robert Bruce. Though this work must for general reasons be classed with the chronicles, it is allowed to possess no small share of the spirit of contemporary English poetry; it describes incidents with a graphic force far above the character of a chronicle, and abounds in beautiful episodes and fine sentimental passages. Hence we may assume, that, though Barbour bestowed his attention upon a form of composition now beginning to be antiquated in England, he partook nevertheless of the improved style which Chaucer had adopted, and was capable of producing poems of the same general nature. His apostrophe to freedom, which occurs at the close of a description of the miserable slavery to which Scotland had been reduced by Edward of England, has always been admired for its spirit and tenderness; and many other passages equally worthy of notice could be pointed out.

* This Moyses ledde hem out, and dide woundris and signes in the lond of Egipte, and in the Reed See, and in Desert, fourti gheiris. This is Moyses that seide to the sones of Israel, God schal reis to ghous a prophete of ghous brethern; as me gheschulen beere him. This it is that was in the ebiere in wilderness with the angel that spak to him in the Mount Syna, and with oure fadir, which took wordis of Iyf to ghyue to us.

About the year 1420, ANDREW WYNTOWN, prior of St Serf's Monastery in Lochleven, wrote a chronicle of universal history, particularly detailing that of Scotland, but with a very small infusion of poetical spirit. This work may be considered as closing the list of the rhyming chronicles. A little before the time of Wyntown, we find Scottish poets devoting their attention to the minstrel class of compositions, which had also for some time gone out of fashion in the southern part of the island. Among their productions of this kind may be mentioned the *Gest of Arthur*, by HUCHON, a poem now lost—and *Sir Gawain*, by CLERK of Tranent, which has been preserved and printed, but appears as a very uncouth composition. The last poem of this kind seems to have been that entitled the *Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, composed about the year 1460, by a wandering minstrel named BLIND HARRY, and which presented the general outlines of the history of that hero, mixed up with traditional anecdotes, and aided in part by imagination. This poem, like that of Barbour, contains some passages of great poetical effect, and no small portion of patriotic and heroic sentiment. It differs from the generality of minstrel poems, in its bearing the appearance of an unaffected narration, and in its metre, which is of the kind called epic—that is, a series of rhymed couplets, in lines of ten syllables each. The work of Blind Harry was reduced into modern popular verse, about a century ago, by Mr Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and in that shape has ever since been a favourite book with the country people of Scotland.

SWAMP HALL;

OR, THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.*

THE Pennys lived at Richmond. They were of that happy class denominated the respectable, but made themselves continually miserable, in their anxiety to be fine. Happiness was very well—but then, fashion was something. They had a snug house—a beautiful garden, sloping down to the Thames—two “fair daughters,” and three promising sons. Add to this, ten thousand pounds in the three per cents., with the best of health, and you have a brief summing up of the possessions and advantages of the family of the Pennys. No, we have forgotten one treasure—they had a family friend. He was the oracle of the house, by virtue of his threescore years, a broken constitution, and an estate called Swamp Hall, in not the most fertile part of Lincolnshire. Mr Solon—such was our “friend’s” name—gave the law to the Pennys; although we cannot disguise the fact, that his dicta were, at times, not uncomplacably allowed by Mr Penny himself, who, animated by some extraordinary prejudice, wished sometimes to guide the interests of his own family. It needed all the arguments of Mrs Penny, to contend against this wrong-headedness of the father of her children.

“My dear Mr Penny,” Mrs P. would exclaim, when desirous of effectually silencing any rebellious scruples of her husband, “I should not persist in my opinion, were it not, as I have told you before, the opinion of Mr Solon.” “Nor, my dear,” would reply Mr Penny, in the mildest of tones, “should I, were I not certain that when Mr Solon heard my arguments—” They had one morning pursued thus far, when Mrs Penny, with more than usual energy, retorted—“Nonsense! Mr Solon never hears arguments; ’tis enough that he advises. Is he not—” And here Mrs Penny called up one of those looks which we are apt to assume, when we would knock down opposition with a self-evident truth—“Is he not the family friend?” What could Mr Penny do?—what could he say to this? Why, nothing but press his hands gently together, raise them nearly to his chin, incline his head, slightly elevate his shoulders, and reply—“Unquestionably.” Mrs Penny felt her vantage ground, and followed up the attack with merciless vehemence. We do not think she had ever read Aristotle—though, by the way, she had received her education at the best boarding-school in Kensington—and yet she knew the full force of argument by interrogation. Thus, when Mr Penny had allowed her premises, that Mr Solon was the family friend, she continued, with a growing air of triumph, “Can any thing be done without him?” The question went to Mr Penny’s heart. Nevertheless, he replied, “Certainly not.” “Have we a secret from him? Does he not read the confidential letters of our dearest friends? Something of the most delicate tint of a blush rose to Mr Penny’s cheek, as he satisfied the query—“Every line.” “Has he not stood for the three last children?” “Every one of them.” To which Mr Penny might have added, “and given them names, most of them borne by the now dead and buried members of the family of the Solons.” “Do we not allow him to pay for the education of Jemima and Petrarch?” Was he not once horsewhipped, in mistake for yourself? And did he not take your place in a duel—you remember how I scolded him for it—with a murdering ensign, from the north of Ireland?”

Mr Penny hesitated to answer this latter question. Mrs Penny, however, thought ingratitude a heinous sin, and again enforced it. Mr Penny still shrunk from the thrust. He could only return to his wife’s first interrogatory, “As you say, Mr Solon is the friend of the family.” “Say! I know him to be so. Well, then, is Mary to be married off before Mr Solon

makes his decision?” “Decision!” for once Mr Penny ventured to ask; “am I not her father?” “Father! What of that? Isn’t Mr Solon the family friend?” Mr Penny ventured to lower his brow. “Humph! It’s a pity so much friendship is wasted on strangers. I wish he’d a family of his own.” “Then it seems you forget Mr Solon’s Lincolnshire estate—(that Mecca of Mrs Penny’s hopes)—you forget Swamp Hall—that fertile and fashionable retreat.” This was a subject on which, spite of the frowns of his wife, Mr Penny would at times venture a jest. “Fertile and fashionable! why, nothing grows there but rushes—and no one ventures there but geese—and they only as visitors.” “Rushes and geese!” retorted Mrs Penny, with a contemptuous glance. “I vow, I have heard Mr Solon declare that his grounds produced for the London tradesmen.” “Yes, for London chair-menders, and London poulterers. I forgot—in seasons of great plenty, he has an acre or two of wild water-cresses.” “This, Mr Penny, is all idle. You know that he has willed his estate to our boy. We mustn’t neglect the dear child’s interest. I’m sure (here Mrs Penny cast a look of consolation at her husband) Mr Solon can’t live long. Doesn’t he break every winter?” “Yes; but, hang it! he mends every spring.” “Mr Penny, look at his face.” “Haven’t I watched the coming of every wrinkle into it? Had I studied the stars, as I have studied his features, I had got more money by almanack-making than ever I shall gain by Swamp Hall.” Mrs Penny was shocked. “This of the friend of the family! One who gives his advice—” “Indeed, he ought to give it,” quickly retorted Mr Penny, “else ’twould often be dear indeed. Didn’t he make me speculate, and lose in hops, when I wanted to invest in camphor? Didn’t he foretell a hard winter (it was now Mr Penny’s turn to act the querist)—I suppose the geese were early at Swamp Hall—and make me buy up bear-skins, when the currant-trees conspired to bud in January? I always lost by his advice—but once.”

Here was a straw of comfort for Mrs Penny, and her drowning hand snatched at it. “Well, I am glad you own so much. Once, then, his advice did serve you?” “Yes, he counselled one way, and I took exactly the contrary. To say the truth, I am almost tired of Mr Solon.” “Husband, be reasonable; you know he must die soon.” “Die! I tell you what, wife—I have long suspected it, but now I am sure of the fact: People who promise to will away estates never die. If ever they fall sick, it’s only to tease us, by getting well again.” “The man can’t live,” replied Mrs Penny, with great emphasis; “I tell you—” We know not what consolatory proofs of Mr Solon’s early dissolution would have been advanced, had not a shuffling at the door, and the shrill voice of Becky, the servant, suddenly snapped the chain of Mrs Penny’s evidence. “Well, Mr Solon, I’ll give your name,” cried the girl, backing into the room, and vainly endeavouring to delay the entrance of an old gentleman, who flung himself into the middle of the parlour, and stood with his hat perched on the very summit of his head—one arm flung behind the tail of his coat, the other extended forth—and, with the eye of “death-darting cockatrice,” looking now at the girl, and now at her master and mistress, as, with a voice spasmodic with surprise, he cried out—

“Name, name! Mr Penny, Mrs Penny!” The friend of the family stood gasping with astonishment. Mrs Penny brought a chair, and, in the softest manner possible, chid Mr Solon for venturing out so early. “The dew was yet upon the ground,” Mr Solon, shaking his forefinger at Becky the maid, inquired of Mr Penny, “who is this?—asked my name—barred me at the door!” his voice rose as he enumerated each new indignity—“Me!” He literally crowded out the monosyllable. As they say in Parliament, Mrs Penny explained. “It was the new servant.” “She’s better than the last, I hope?” observed the family friend, scarcely permitting himself to be mollified: then to Becky, most impressively—“Young woman! behave yourself, or I shall discharge you.” Becky muttered something about “two masters.” Mrs Penny caught the sound of discontent—“What’s that, Becky? Remember, in this house, Mr Solon is the same as Mr Penny.” Becky caught the eye of her master, and with a significant “Oh!” vanished from the parlour. “I hope, sir,” inquired the master of the mansion of the family friend, “you remain in excellent health?” “You do hope, eh? I thought you didn’t—you didn’t speak before. Perhaps I’m troublesome?” “Now, my dear Mr Solon,” exclaimed Mrs Penny in the greatest concern. “I can go to Lincolnshire,” cried Mr Solon. “I wish you would,” thought Mr Penny.

In fact, I ought to go—I will go.” Mrs Penny said nothing, but smiled beseechingly at the friend of the family, who, by degrees, let his anger subside in his paternal care for Miss Mary Penny, whose choice, or rather, whose reception of a husband, was at this time the grand household question. There were two aspirants for the young lady’s hand, linked as it was with three hundred per annum by the will of her grandfather. Mr Edmund Wilkins, the junior partner of a respectable house in the city, had, for some two years past, been received by the Pennys, was by no means indifferent to Mary, and what was, indeed, a still greater recommendation, was not decidedly objected to by Mr Solon. Unhappily, however, the friend of the family was “the fortunate holder” of a somewhat irascible bull-terrier, that on a very slight

provocation laid bare the shin-bone of Edmund Wilkins, who, in his agony, unmindful of the sacrilege—for the terrier bull was sacred as the *lares* at the fire-side of the Pennys—returned the assault with so vigorous a kick, that a fractured rib was the lot of (in Mrs Penny’s words) “the dear dumb animal.” This, in the emphatic language of Mr Solon, “ruffian-like assault” on the part of Edmund Wilkins, was construed into an open declaration of war by the friend of the family, and thus the lover had at once to contend against the fancied horrors of hydrophobia, and the powerful interest of the owner of Swamp Hall. Besides this, Mr Solon had formed a street acquaintance with the Honourable Frederick Rustington—a gentleman who had gallantly delivered the family friend from a knot of pickpockets on a levee day—who was connected with the first families, whose dress was the very flower of the mode, and whose mustachios were as black as Erebus. Of course, the Honourable Frederick Rustington had been made at home with the Pennys: too much attention could not be paid to the preserver of the family friend. At any time, Edmund Wilkins would have willingly dispensed with the presence of the visitor, but coming as he did, pat on the attack of the bull-terrier, introduced and patronised by the vindictive Solon, he was a rival not to be despised. Edmund Wilkins could see that Mrs Penny began to look coldly upon him—that Mr Penny seemed half afraid to venture, as he was wont, a cordial shake of the hand—that Mary would sit for half an hour, with her pretty blue eyes, contemplating the pattern of the carpet—and, worse than all, that Mr Solon would cast a supercilious look of triumph from the junior partner, to the mustachios of the Honourable Frederick Rustington. All this had Edmund Wilkins to endure, together with a wound in his shin, and a nervous excitement at the thoughts of water.

“I have made up my mind,” said Mr Solon, when induced, by the attentions of Mr Penny, to descend from his wrath to the affairs of the family. “I am determined—Mary must marry the Honourable Mr Rustington.” Mr Penny was about to remonstrate, but was summarily checked by the friend of the family. “Marry him directly, and the young couple can go and spend the honeymoon at Swamp Hall—Swamp Hall!” Had the tongue of Demosthenes enriched the mouth of Mr Penny, it would have been paralysed with the syllables—“Swamp Hall”—he was dumb—and the matter, at least in the opinion of Mr Solon, was finally arranged. Enter Becky with letters. They were scarcely glanced at by Mr Penny, ere they were in the hands of the friend of the family. “A plague on the impudence of this world,” cried Mr Penny; “here is that fellow Rogers sending to me for the loan of a hundred pounds! The brazen rascal!” “Why, Mr Penny, you forget—Mr Rogers—a man of honour—a man of substance.” “Substance! My dear sir, he has been going to pieces this twelvemonth!” “Have a care, Mr Penny—defamation, sir—Mr Rogers is, I repeat, an honourable man; and, not that I would desire my wishes to weigh with you—in fact, I have no right—none whatever—yet, Mr Penny, allow me to say that you will best support your character as a liberal man, by obliging Mr Rogers with—” “But, my dear sir?” “I don’t wish to persuade you—as I said, I have no claim to any influence—how should I have?—none!”

Mr Penny had no remedy: Mrs Penny ably advocated the character of “their old friend Rogers.” Mr Solon, with wounded dignity, took “a more removed ground;” and, to be brief, Mr Penny wrote the cheque, and, enclosing it in a letter, dispatched it by a special messenger to London. “Hem!” cried Mr Solon—and as the missive was borne away, he repeated with a college air, “*Bis dat, qui cito dat*.” At this moment, little Master Nicodemus Solon Penny was ushered into the apartment with the nursery-maid, previous to his departure on a visit to his grandmother, at Hackney, Mr Solon having promised the old lady the long-expected treat. “Just like the head of the old philosophers,” cried Mr Solon, as, rubbing up the stubbly hair of Nicodemus, he looked with uncommon sagacity in the child’s face. “Come, Master Nicodemus,” cried the girl, “or we shall lose the coach!” “Coach!” exclaimed Mr Solon, “I thought I desired the child should go in the steam-boat? To be sure—I have no right to interfere, but I thought I said the steam-boat!” A look of anxiety overspread Mrs Penny’s face as she endeavoured to smile, and indistinctly urged something about “the machinery!” “That’s it! look at the child’s head—has a genius for mechanics—nothing like early cultivation; Sally, go in the steam-boat—but mind, not too near the boiler. You hear, Sally—the steam-boat!” Mr and Mrs Penny looked at each other—kissed the child, who, enriched with a shilling from the purse of Mr Solon, started for his voyage down the Thames. Scarcely had little Nicodemus departed, when Frankenstein Penny (for the sake of Mr P. we must repeat the names of his younger branches were the arbitrary taste of Mr Solon), at home for the vacation from the preparatory school, bounced into the room, but having apologised for his violence by a particularly humble bow to the friend of the family, was graciously received by Mr Solon, who, as was usual with his fortunate god-children, began to expatiate on the extraordinary capacity of Frankenstein. “I tried him last night,” cried Mr Penny, “he can read any thing!” “No doubt, I’ll be sworn he can with such a head as that,” The mother had placed the

* Abridged from the Monthly Magazine, September 1832.

"Times" in the hands of the young scholar, for the display of his precocity. Master Frankenstein, holding the leading journal of Europe crumpled in his little fists, with his eyes and mouth widely opened, stared at Mr Solon for the word. "Any where, my dear—read any thing—the first thing you see," cried the godfather, who, with a significant glance at Mr Penny, raised his hand above the child's head in admiration of its extraordinary development. "Any thing, my dear!" The child, after a little stammering, literally astounded his hearers with his reading, for he began in a loud voice. "Bankrupts.—Jonathan Rogers, St Margaret's Hill, Southwark, hop-merchant."

Mr Penny gave a deep groan; Mrs Penny uttered a slight hysterical shriek; the friend of the family looked as if his face was suddenly frostbitten; and Master Frankenstein Penny, with the sweet unconsciousness of childhood, proceeded to read the days of meeting, and the names of the bankrupt's attorneys. After the first shock, Mr Penny looked at "his old friend Rogers's letter," which, according to the date, should have come to hand three days before. Some men, not wholly bigots to ceremony, would have kicked their adviser into the street. Not so Mr Penny; for though he looked as if his neckcloth was doing the work of a bow-string, all he said was—but the words came writhing through his teeth—"I knew I was right—I—" and he dashed down a chair with a vigour that, to the friend of the family, appeared something like a liberty. Mr Penny continued to grumble—"friends!—humph!—friends!"—with other significant syllables, broke from him; and we know not to what extent his abuse—for that was the term given it by Mr Solon—would have gone, had not the cause of this violence at once asserted his dignity, and offered consolation to the enraged, but still polite, Mr Penny. "There was no doubt that the dividend would be very handsome—very handsome," (Mr Penny ventured a "psa!") "However, such was the reward of friendship"—and Mr Solon rose, and positively prepared to put on his gloves. "If, however, the dividend came short of the debt, he thanked his stars, he yet had property; and where people showed such ingratitude, he would again and again sell Swamp Hall." The string was struck; Mrs Penny again put on one of her imploring looks; even Mr Penny felt he had gone too far; and as the husband and wife lowered in their tone and manner, of course Mr Solon rose in his injuries; until, at length, it was the friend of the family who had been wronged, whose property had been sacrificed; it was he who had been swindled by the "old friend" Rogers. However, after much exertion on the part of man and wife, the proprietor of Swamp Hall took off his gloves, and was again seated in the easy chair. He had ceased to reproach, and was now gathered up in calm dignity. Luncheon was spoken of; the tray was brought up, and once more Mr Solon was the friend of the family. The approaching marriage of Mary was talked of—Mr Solon declaring that the firm in which Edmund Wilkins was junior partner was built on sand; that, in fact, he was little better than a sharper, with an eye to the "poor girl's money;" whereas the Hon. Frederick Rustington was a man of birth and rank, with great connexions in the colonies; a circumstance not to be lost sight of by the father of three intelligent boys. Mrs Penny bridled up at this, and Mr Penny listened somewhat more complacently, when Edmund Wilkins was again stigmatised as an adventurer and a sharper. Thus went on the time, and Mr Solon had raised a glass of champagne to his lips, when a shriek, a loud shrill shriek, pierced through the house, and Becky rushed in, wringing her hands, and with her eyes starting from her head, and her round face as ghastly as death, half screamed, and half sobbed, "Master!—the child—Nic—Nic—" At last, with a convulsive throe, she delivered herself of the word—"drowned!" Mrs Penny screamed, and went off in a fit; Becky ran to her assistance, and chafed her hands and temples. The friend of the family, with his mouth open, his face the colour of a new slate, aghast, his knees knocking each other, and his eyes averted from Mr Penny, sat in the easy chair, the picture of ghastly imbecility; whilst the father of the drowned child—(he was in the act of cutting a corner crust, as Becky rushed in)—with a case-knife gripped in his hand, sprang to his feet, and, approaching Mr Solon—the paternal feeling overbearing all recollections of Swamp Hall, all "trivial fond records" of the friendship of its owner—exclaimed, in a voice rendered painfully piercing by emotion, at the same time unconsciously shaking the glittering steel within a hand's-breadth of Mr Solon's neckcloth, "Wretch!—monster!—busybody!—a curse to my house! Begone, murderer!—fly my roof! My—my poor boy!"—and here the tears rolled down the father's cheeks, his voice was stifled in his throat, the knife fell from his hand, and, powerless, he sank sobbing into a chair, when his grief was diverted by a sudden rush into the room, and he felt a wet mass literally heaved into his lap. The load was Master Nicodemus, not, as the newspapers say, with "the vital spark totally extinct," old Father Thames having contented himself with sousing a beautiful suit of sky-blue, leaving undimmed the Promethean principle of the embryo Archimedes. The story was soon told. Master Nicodemus, whilst in the wherry, making for the steamer, had amused himself by trailing in the water the thong of his toy whip, which,

somehow or other escaping from his hand, he made a lounge after it, the nursery-maid made a grasp at his frock, the boat gave a lurch, and Master Nicodemus, rolling over the gunwale, was kicking in an element foreign to his youthful habits. He was, after due shrieking on the part of Sally, recovered by the waterman, hurried on shore, carried, all dripping as he was, to his home; Sally uttered the word "drowned," Becky saw the water streaming from the child, and, without a thought, rushed to the parlour with her version of the tragedy. Master Nicodemus was dispatched to hot blankets, "the natural ruby" returned to Mrs Penny's cheek, Mr Penny gulped down two or three glasses of wine, after having, with a somewhat embarrassed air, picked up the case-knife, so lately held at the throat of the friend of the family. Great had been the outrage committed on Mr Solon; however, on the present occasion, he displayed unusual magnanimity. Simply glancing at the case-knife, he let fall the undeniable truth, that "murder was a serious matter—passion was a bad thing!" Mr Penny was less assiduous than usual in his apologies, and even Mrs Penny, with feminine penetration, remarked, "If Nicodemus had gone by the coach, he would not have run the risk of being drowned." The accident was, however, to Mr Solon, productive of a new illustration of the nascent will and energy of his god-child; for he subsequently obtained, from Sally and the waterman, the most concurrent testimony, that, when in the Thames, Nicodemus suddenly displayed an evident endeavour to swim:—had he been left alone, there was no knowing what might have happened.

The Hon. Frederick Rustington continued to come among the Pennys, and poor Mary continued to grow paler and paler. Edmund Wilkins no longer visited the family; but, in his daily rides to and from town, would, checking his horse to a snail's pace, gaze at the windows and walls of the house; and then, as his steed bore him on, watch the smoke curling above the garden elms. Mary's doom was sealed—she was inevitably to become Mrs Rustington: her wedding-dress was made—the day arrived. The Hon. Mr Rustington—and his mustachios were never more exuberant—was in attendance; and, in short, poor Mary, pale as a ghost, the redness of her lips transferred to her eyes, received the congratulations of her friends, as the Hon. Mrs Rustington. A post-chaise and four was at the door, and the "happy couple" were about to start, to spend the honeymoon at the Lakes. Matters were at this point, when the door was burst open, and in rushed three men—they (but the solemnity of their mission demands the consequence of a new paragraph).

Three men, of the most coarse and vulgar appearance, rushed in, and looking neither to the right nor left, they made straight up to the Hon. Mr Rustington, whom—shudder, ye nuptial loves! and Hymen, drop an extinguisher on your flaming torch—they took in custody, on a charge of "forgery and swindling." Mrs Rustington fainted—the guests exclaimed—Mr Penny, who had lost all patience, clenched his fist in the friend of the family's face. "Did you not—answer me—meddler, villain that you are—did you not say that you knew that man? did you not say he had connections in the colonies?" "Ay, sir," replied one of the officers, "and so he has: for his brother and two uncles were transported last sessions!" "Transported!" shrieked Mrs Penny, "and has my dear Mary married a convict?" "Married your daughter, ma'am!" answered the same functionary; "why then we may clap to forgery and swindling, bigamy; for Charlotte Bunce, his lawful wife, an honest woman, takes in washing at Horsleydown!" "Are you sure, tell me, are you sure?" cried poor Mr Penny, whose face was now as white as the wedding riband. "Certain of it; you shall see her certificate 'before you sleep.' The prisoner was removed. The guests, with the exception of two or three intimate acquaintances of the family, departed; and the Pennys remained in indescribable suspense for the return of the officer, that they might learn their fate. At length they heard a carriage dash up to the door, and in a moment Edward Wilkins rushed into the room—thrust a slip of paper into the hands of Mr Penny, and snatching Mary from the neck of her mother, folded her in his arms, and kissed her, as though she had been restored to him from the dead.

The voice of Mr Penny faltered, and the tears came to his eyes, as he read the certificate of marriage solemnised at Whitechapel Church, between "Nicholas Bunce, bachelor, and Charlotte White, spinster." Added to this, was another witness in Mrs Bunce herself, snatched from her washing-tub by the impatient Edmund Wilkins, and brought at full gallop to identify the Honourable Frederick Rustington, forger, swindler, and bigamist. If the reader ask, how it was that Mr Wilkins should know so quickly of the intrusion of the police, with the existence and habitation of Mrs Bunce, our only clue to the mystery is afforded in the belief that he was a great favourite with Miss Mary Penny's maid, who sympathised with the unwilling bride, and heartily hated the Honourable Mr Rustington. All now was happiness, when the friend of the family ventured to enter on some explanation. Mr Penny, with a sudden change of character, sometimes remarkable in greater persons than himself, "rose up like a pillar." He never had the look of a Socrates; but on the present occasion, there was a certain air of resolution, a strong significance

of purpose in his face "that was not there before." The friend of the family began to stammer, when Mr Penny, without uttering a word, made an eloquent reply, by pointing with his forefinger to the door. The friend of the family again essayed; Mr Penny continued to point. Once more the friend wished to explain; Mr Penny directed his finger inexorably to the door. "But one word," cried the friend of the family; Mr Penny moved not his finger. The friend of the family walked out, and took the coach for Lincolnshire. Three days after this, Mary became Mrs Wilkins. Some ten years afterwards, Mr Penny read in the Times, the death of Nicodemus Solon, Esq. of Swamp Hall, Lincolnshire! The estate, mortgaged to treble its worth, descended as a disappointment to the money-lenders.

Again and again has Mr Penny congratulated himself on the energy which made him cultivate and enjoy the substantial domain of his own home, and not sacrifice that real land of milk and honey to the visionary chance of the reversion of a Swamp Hall.

WHAT GOOD ROADS ACCOMPLISH.

It has been jocularly remarked, that one of the first things which the French do in forming a colonial settlement, is either to erect a theatre or establish a museum, but that the English, on the contrary, when placed in similar circumstances, commence operations by forming roads. This is, of course, an exaggeration; nevertheless there is a good deal of truth in the remark. The English are a road-making nation, and the only people in Europe, perhaps, who rival the ancient Romans in the extent of the means of communication from place to place. Yet they have little reason to boast of such a national characteristic, for it is only in comparatively modern times that roads in this country were laid out on an extensive plan or constructed on sound principles; and as yet, there are places in Ireland so destitute of roads fit for traffic, that the unhappy peasantry or small farmers are prevented from carrying their grain to market, and are therefore obliged to make up their rents by means of illicit distillation.

Considering the very great and manifold advantages which result from good roads, it seems strange that there should ever have been any opposition to their establishment; but it is often long before people can see any good in what is new. This subject has been dexterously handled in the small volume called "The Results of Machinery," forming one in the series of "The Working Man's Companion." "About a hundred and fifty years ago (says the writer), when the first turnpike-road was formed in England, the mob broke the toll-gates, because they thought an unjust tax was being put upon them. They did not perceive that this small tax, for the use of a road, would confer on them innumerable comforts, and double and treble the means of employment. If there were no road, and no bridge, a man would take six months in finding his way from London to Edinburgh, if indeed he found it at all. He would have to keep the line of the hills, in order that he might come upon the rivers at particular spots, where he would be able to jump over them with ease, or wade through them without danger.

If the natural obstacles against travelling were not removed by art, it is within the truth to say that any man who had to go from one end of Britain to the other, would lose six months. If he wished to carry a ton, or even a hundred-weight, of any sort of goods with him, he could not perform the journey at all.

But the produce of the different parts of the country are different, and the goods, whether manufactured or not, that are to spare at any one place, are wanted at some other. One country produces corn, another coals and ploughshares. Both are useless where they are, and the places are miles distant. If a man went with corn for a ploughshare, his corn would be eaten before he got half way. There could be no communication. Mr Jacob, who went upon the Continent to see what stores of wheat the people had, found that in the sandy roads of parts of Germany and Poland, the original price of wheat was doubled by the price of conveyance, in a very few miles. It is quite plain that he who finds out the means of conveying persons or goods from one place to another in half the time in which they have been accustomed to be conveyed, does the very same thing as if he brought the places one-half nearer.

In England, at the present day, there is no part of the country without good roads. It would be impossible for a traveller in England to set himself down in any situation where the post from London would not reach him in three days. Fifty years ago such a quickness of communication would have been considered beyond the compass of human means. It would be easy to show what benefits have been conferred upon the poorest inhabitant of England, by the roads and canals which now intersect the country in every direction. But the value of these blessings may be better estimated, by viewing the condition of such parts of the United Kingdom as are just beginning to enjoy them.

In the Highlands of Scotland, at the beginning of the present century, the communication from one dis-

strict to another was attended with such difficulty and danger, that some of the counties were excused from sending jurors to the circuit to assist in the administration of justice. The poor people inhabiting these districts were almost entirely cut off from intercourse with the rest of mankind. The Highlands were of less advantage to the British empire than the most distant colony. Parliament resolved to remedy the evil; and, accordingly, from 1802 to 1817, the sum of two hundred thousand pounds was laid out in making roads and bridges in these mountainous districts. Mark the important consequences to the people of the Highlands, as described by Mr Telford, the engineer of the roads:—

‘In these works, and in the Caledonian Canal, about three thousand two hundred men have been annually employed. At first they could scarcely work at all; they were totally unacquainted with labour, they could not use the tools; but they have since become excellent labourers; of that number we consider one-fourth left us annually, taught to work. These works may be considered in the light of a working academy, from which eight hundred have annually departed improved workmen. These men have either returned to their native districts, having had the experience of using the most perfect sorts of tools and utensils (which alone cannot be considered as less than ten per cent. on any labour), or they have been usefully disseminated throughout the other parts of the country. Since these roads were made accessible, wheelwrights and cartwrights have been established, the plough has been introduced, and improved tools and utensils are used. The plough was not previously used in general; in the interior and mountainous parts they frequently used crooked sticks with iron on them, drawn or pushed along. The moral habits of the great mass of the working classes are changed; they see that they may depend on their own exertions for support; this goes on silently, and is scarcely perceived until apparent by the results. I consider these improvements one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon any country. About two hundred thousand pounds has been granted in fifteen years. It has been the means of advancing the country at least one hundred years.’

There are many parts of Ireland which sustain the same miseries and inconveniences from the want of roads, as the Highlands of Scotland did at the beginning of the present century. In 1823, Mr Nimmo, the engineer, stated to Parliament, that the fertile plains of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, were separated from each other by a deserted country, presenting an impassable barrier between them. This country was the retreat of smugglers, robbers, and culprits of every description. According to another engineer, Mr Griffith, this tract, in 1824, was a wild, neglected, and deserted country, without roads, culture, or civilisation. The government ordered roads to be made through this barren district. In 1829, in less than five years after the commencement of the roads, Mr Griffith thus describes the change which had been produced:—‘A very considerable improvement has already taken place in the vicinity of the roads, both in the industry of the inhabitants and the appearance of the country. At the commencement of the works the people flocked into them, seeking employment at any rate; their looks haggard, their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any tools or implements beyond a small ill-shaped spade; and nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved. Since the completion of the roads, rapid strides have been made; upwards of sixty new limekilns have been built; carts, ploughs, harrows, and improved implements, have become common; new houses of a better class have been built, new enclosures made, and the country has become perfectly tranquil, and exhibits a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable. A large portion of the money received for labour has been husbanded with care, laid out in building substantial houses, and in the purchase of stock and agricultural implements; and numerous examples might be shown of poor labourers, possessing neither money, houses, nor land, when first employed, who in the past year have been enabled to take farms, build houses, and stock their land.’

But the evidence of Mr Griffith is not the only proof which we can offer of the effects of such works upon the condition of the people. Another witness, Mr Kelly, thus describes their condition before and after the roads were made:—‘At Abbeyfeale and Brosna above half of the congregation at mass on Sundays were barefoot and ragged, with small straw hats of their own manufacture, felt hats being worn only by a few. Hundreds, or even thousands of men, could be got to work for sixpence a-day if it had been offered. The farmers were mostly in debt, and many families went to beg in Tipperary and other parts. The condition of the people is now very different; the congregations at the chapels are now as well clad as in other parts; the demand for labour is increased, and a spirit of industry is getting forward, since the new roads have become available.’ Mr Kelly gives also a curious illustration of the influence of these road-improvements upon the retail trade of the district. ‘A hatter, at Castle-Island, had a small field through which the new road passed; this part next the town was not opened until 1826. In making arrangements with him for his damages, he said that he ought to make me (the engineer) a present of all the land he had, for that the second year I was at the roads he sold more

hats to the people of the mountains alone, than he did for seven years before to the high and low lands together. Although he never worked a day on the roads, he got comfort and prosperity by them.’

The hatter of Castle-Island got comfort and prosperity by the roads, because the man who had to sell and the man who had to buy were brought closer to each other by means of the roads. When there were no roads, the hatter kept his goods upon the shelf, and the labourer in the mountains went without a hat. When the labourer and the hatter were brought together by the roads, the hatter soon sold off his stock, and the manufacturer of hats went to work to produce him a new stock; while the labourer, who found the advantage of having a hat, also went to work to earn more money, that he might pay for another when he should require it. It became a fashion to wear hats, and of course a fashion to work hard, and to save time, to be able to pay for them. Thus the road created industry on both sides, on the side of the producer of hats and that of the consumer. Baron Humboldt, a traveller in South America, tells us, that upon a road being made over a part of the great chain of mountains called the Andes, the government was petitioned against the road, by a body of men who for centuries had gained a living by carrying travellers in baskets strapped upon their backs over the fearful rocks which only these guides could cross. Which was the better course—to make the road, and create the thousand employments belonging to freedom of intercourse, for these very carriers of travellers, and for all other men; or to leave the mountains without a road, that the poor guides might gain a premium for risking their lives in an unnecessary peril?

All modes of communication are nothing but applications of machinery. The road is a sort of machine; the coach and the waggon are machines; the barge, the ship, and the steam-ship, are machines; the railway and the locomotive engine (or engine moving from place to place) are machines. If these were to be destroyed, all the other advances in civilisation that have taken place amongst us would be of comparatively little advantage, as there would be no means of bringing the produce and the consumers together. Without the means of conveying goods to a market, the prices of commodities would be doubled, and many thousands would be thrown out of bread.’

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES BOSWELL.

THIS whimsical person, by whose industry we have been furnished with the most faithful and interesting biographical work in existence, was born in Edinburgh, October 29, 1740, being the eldest son of Alexander Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck, in the county of Ayr (afterwards a judge, under the designation of Lord Auchinleck), by Euphemia Erskine, great granddaughter of the Lord Treasurer Earl of Marr. The Boswells of Auchinleck were descended from Thomas Boswell, a cadet of the family of Balmouto, who seems to have attended King James IV. in the character of a confidential servant.* The subject of this memoir commenced his education at the school of a Mr Mundell, in Edinburgh; and after going through a complete academical course at the university of the same city, studied the civil law under the celebrated Adam Smith, in the College of Glasgow. He was remarkable, from the earliest years of manhood, for a gay, social, and what his contemporaries considered a frivolous character, his chief amusements being the composition of thoughtless epigrammatic verses, the cultivation of convivial and literary friendships, and the patronising of theatricals, then so generally proscribed by his countrymen, as inconsistent with both morality and religion. It also appears, from the records of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, that he was for some years an enthusiastic votary of that mystic union. His earliest friends were the English students whom he met at the two colleges which he attended, and from these it is said he contracted that preference for English society which he manifested through life, though it is more likely that

* The father of Lord Auchinleck was also a Scottish lawyer, and one of the best of his time. He is the subject of a very pleasing anecdote, thus related in Tytler's *Life of Home* (Lord Kames): ‘I had no other acquaintance with him,’ says Lord Kames, ‘than such as people come to have from daily seeing each other's faces, and walking in the same room; but I thought I might venture to ask his opinion on a case which puzzled me; and I took courage, and stated my case to him. ‘Come along,’ said he, ‘my young friend, let us sit down together on the benches; this is a pretty difficult point, and I must think of it a little.’ He did so, and then gave me his opinion, and his reasons, with great distinctness, and in a frank and kindly way. I afterwards very frequently applied to him, and always met with the same reception. Some years afterwards, when he had grown old, and felt the symptoms of decay, he one day took me aside, and said to me, ‘Harry, I have given you my best advice on many occasions; I must now ask your help in return.’ He then stated a difficult point of law, of which I gave an opinion that satisfied him. I was glad to be able thus to return his kindness, though it was in some degree a melancholy pleasure. When he had given over attending the court, he was frequently consulted at home; and I remember, the first time I saw the worthy man at his chambers, when the consultation was over, he said to me, ‘Harry, you and I are now old friends, and perhaps we may not have many more meetings; you must stay and drink a bottle of Madeira with me.’ I did so, and we were very happy together. He was a grave man, but very kind in his manners; a sound and solid lawyer, though slow.’

that preference was simply a result of his peculiar constitution of mind, which was by many degrees too ardent, volatile, and liberal, to accord with the tone of Scottish manners. In his twentieth year, he paid his first visit to London, where he was introduced to the more exalted portion of society by Alexander Earl of Eglintoun, and to the lower by the poet Derrick. The style of living which here prevailed made so favourable an impression upon him, that, in opposition to the wishes of his father, who had destined him to add to the resources of the family by becoming a lawyer, he resolved to obtain, if possible, a commission in the guards; a situation which promised him exactly that kind of gay and vacant life in which he delighted. Nevertheless, on his return to Scotland, he consented to commence a legal education under the care of his father; relieving the tedium of his tasks by his favourite employment of verse-making, and by cultivating the friendship of the eminent literary men who then resided in Edinburgh. A considerable number of his verses appeared in a miscellany published in 1762, under the title of *A Collection of Original Poems, by Scotch Gentlemen*; and in the following year he gave to the world a facetious correspondence which he had carried on with a brother wit, the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother of the musical Earl of Kelly. We learn from a note to the former work, that he had about this time instituted a convivial society, called *the Soaping Club*, upon the idea of the well-known proverb, Every man soap his own beard. One or two verses of a song of his own composition, in which he celebrates himself as the chief of his fraternity, may be given, as a self-drawn portraiture of his character at this period of life:—

Boswell, of Sonpers the King,

On Tuesdays at Tom's does appear;

And when he does talk and does sing,

To him ne'er a one can come near.

For he talks with such ease and such grace,

That all charmed to attention we sit,

And he sings with so comic a face,

That our sides are just ready to split.*

Boswell is pleasant and gay,

For frolic by nature designed;

He heedlessly rattles away,

When the company is to his mind.

This maxim, he says, you may see,

We can never have corn without chaff;

So not a bent sixpence cares he,

Whether with him or at him you laugh.

After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a commission in the guards, in which he is supposed to have been secretly thwarted by his relations, Boswell made a compromise with his father, agreeing to enter at the bar, if in the first place permitted to make the tour of Europe. He set out early in 1763, and, in the passing visit which he necessarily paid to London, had his first interview with Dr Johnson in the back-shop of Mr Thomas Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Being introduced by Mr Davies as a gentleman from Scotland, he was not at first very favourably received by Johnson; but his frank character, and the profound respect which he could not help showing for the author of the *Rambler*, soon overcame all prejudice, and he received an invitation to call upon Johnson at his apartment in the Temple. The two governing points in Boswell's character were, that good-humoured frivolity which rendered him careless of exciting ridicule, and an almost diseased sentiment of veneration, which chiefly took the direction of an abject and irrational obsequiousness to men who enjoyed the notice of the world. His intellect was sufficient to enable him to appreciate all ordinary kinds of excellence; but it was not excellence alone which excited his veneration. Conspicuous rank, and conspicuous actions of whatever kind, alike called this sentiment into exercise; and he was as solicitous of enjoying the friendship of some notorious patriot, whose political sentiments were the antipodes of his own, as of making a figure at the royal levees. Two characters more opposite or less apparently fitted for friendship than those of Johnson and Boswell, could hardly have been pointed out in that age; but the imperious and morose nature of the one, meeting nothing but pleasantries, passiveness, and reverence, in the other, was at length soothed into something like affection. A character like that of Boswell—gay, meek, yielding—sufficiently intelligent and intellectual to preserve esteem, yet not so much so as to alarm with the idea of equality—willing to adopt rather than to correct every political and religious prejudice, and cherishing so little self-respect that there was no obstacle whatever to the entertainment of the utmost veneration for the other party—was perhaps exactly that which was best fitted to maintain an intimate alliance with Johnson.

During the few months which he spent in the capital on this occasion, Boswell applied himself with much zeal to conciliate the regard of his new acquaintance, taking lodgings in the Temple for the purpose of being near him. He at the same time commenced his practice of taking notes of the conversations of Johnson, though it was not perhaps till a subsequent period that he formed the intention of becoming his

* The late Mr William Macfarlane, W.S., so long engaged as a judge in the Justice of Peace Court, Edinburgh, informed the writer of this memoir that Boswell had at all times in conversation a face of such comical expression, that it was difficult to look at it without laughing.

biographer. In August he set out for Utrecht, where he spent the winter in attending the prelections of the celebrated civilian Trotz. Next year he proceeded on his travels through Switzerland and Germany, accompanied by the Earl Marischal, and visiting Voltaire at Ferney, and Rousseau among the wilds of Neuchâtel. Furnished with a letter from the latter personage, he sailed from the shore of Tuscany on a visit to General Paoli, the Corsican chief, whose exertions in favour of the independence of his little island had rendered him famous throughout Europe. Being received with much cordiality, he employed himself in noting down many particulars respecting the Corsicans and their struggles, besides much of the conversation of Paoli, which was of a very interesting character. On his return home in February 1766, he was found to be almost crazed with enthusiasm about the gallantry of Paoli and the liberties of Corsica, inasmuch that his friends gave him the nickname of *Paoli Boswell*. It was not that he was a practical advocate or admirer of popular liberty; Paoli and Corsican liberty were then the most notorious things in the world, and Boswell, for that reason, worshipped them above every thing else.

In July of the year last named, he gratified his father by entering at the Scottish bar, but no exertion of his parent could induce him to apply so steadily to the profession as to obtain any considerable share of business. His earliest leisure was employed in compiling his volume on Corsica, which appeared in 1768, and was pronounced by Johnson to be a work which both excited and gratified curiosity. He also employed himself with his usual zeal in raising a subscription for the purpose of sending out warlike stores to the Corsicans, being aided in the task by Mr Andrew Crosbie, an eminent Whig counsel. By the exertions of Boswell and Crosbie, each of whom subscribed £50, the sum of seven hundred was raised, and devoted to the purchase of cannon from the Carron Company in Stirlingshire.* The subject of our memoir paid a visit in the ensuing year to Ireland, in company with his cousin, Miss Margaret Montgomery of Lainslaw, whom he soon after married. In autumn, after his return to Edinburgh, he received a visit from General Paoli, who, having been forced to abandon the Corsican struggle, had sought protection in Britain. Boswell had now the inconceivable pleasure of showing off the great man to his Scottish friends. After making a progress through the country, Paoli returned to London, where he was soon joined by Boswell, who had now the pleasure of shining in company with the exiled chief before the eyes of a series of metropolitan audiences. It would be curious to know in what light Paoli, who was a high-minded man, beheld his eccentric *cicerone*.

During this visit to London, September 1769, Garrick's celebrated Shakespeare jubilee took place at Stratford. Among the literary and fashionable figures who flocked to it, was James Boswell, who, fond of observation, without much regarding whether it should be respectful or otherwise, appeared at the masquerade in the dress of a Corsican chief; a short dark coat, red vest and breeches, black spatterdash, and a cap, feathered and cockaded, with the words *VIVA LA LIBERTÉ* embroidered on the front. To pursue a magazine account—"On the breast of his coat was sewed a Moor's head, the crest of Corsica, surrounded with branches of laurel. He had also a cartridge-pouch, into which was stuck a stiletto, and on his left side a pistol was hung upon the belt of his cartridge-pouch. He had a fuscus slung across his shoulder, wore no powder in his hair, but had it plaited at full length, with a knot of blue ribbon at the end of it. He had, by way of staff, a very curious vine all of one piece, with a bird finely carved upon it, emblematic of the sweet Bard of Avon. He wore no mask, saying it was not proper for a gallant Corsican. So soon as he came into the room, he drew universal attention. The novelty of the Corsican dress, its becoming appearance, and the character of that brave nation, concurred to distinguish the armed Corsican chief. He was first accosted by Mrs Garrick, with whom he had a good deal of conversation. Mr Boswell danced both a minuet and a country dance with a very pretty Irish lady, Mrs Sheldon, wife to Captain Sheldon of the 38th regiment of foot, who was dressed in a genteel domino, and, before she danced, threw off her mask."†

After his marriage in November of this year, he lived with comparative quiet for several years in Edinburgh, but without making any considerable advance in his profession. His wife was amiable, sensible, and affectionate, and not insensible, it would appear, to the depreciating weaknesses of her husband. In reference to his attachment to Johnson, she remarked that she had often seen a bear led about by a man, but never before a man led about by a bear. He kept a collection of her good things, under the title of *Uxoriana*, though it is more than likely that many of them, like the above, were sarcasms aimed at himself. In August 1773, Johnson gratified him by paying a long meditated visit to Scotland, and accompanying him on a tour to the Western Islands, of which Boswell compiled a narrative, including all their remark-

able conversations, which was published in 1785. Old Lord Auchinleck, who was not only still living, but had married a second wife on the same day with his son's union to Miss Montgomery, was much distressed by the ostentatious reverence paid by his son to Johnson, whose intellectual greatness was nothing in the eyes of a Scottish laird of ancient blood. "I have nae hope for Jamie, man," said he one day to a friend; "Jamie's game clean gyte. What do ye think? He's aff wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whase tail do ye think he has pinned himself to now, man?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. "A dominie, man (meaning Johnson); an auld dominie, that keepit a schule, and ca'd it an academy!" Lord Auchinleck nevertheless gave Johnson a polite reception at his country house, pleasantly remarking, when his son termed the moralist a great northern constellation, that he surely was *Ursa Major*.

At the death of his father in 1782, Boswell acceded to the family property, which his extravagant habits had already done something to encumber. Being now his own master, he executed a scheme which parental control had alone for a long time prevented, by entering himself at the English bar, and removing with his wife and children to London; the apparent reason being a conviction that he should thus increase his income, while perhaps the principal real motive was his taste for English society and the amusements of the metropolis. He in the meantime lost his "illustrious friend," as he was wont to designate Johnson, who died in December 1784; so that the main advantage of his removal to London, which did not take place till two years after, was frustrated. He had not long been an English counsellor when some of his friends, resolving to amuse themselves a little at his expense, made up a pretended case in law, referring to a trivial and ridiculous subject, which they caused to be submitted to him for his opinion; and great was the sport, when their raw brother, falling without suspicion into the snare, returned an elaborate paper, treating the whole as a matter of serious earnest and the utmost importance.

Though a zealous friend of Mr Pitt's ministry, and active with his pen in its support, he never succeeded in obtaining any share of the patronage of that statesman. By the friendship of Lord Lowther, he was appointed Recorder of Carlisle; but this situation, on account of the distance of the locality from London, he resigned two years after. He was very anxious to obtain a seat in Parliament, and seems to have long expected this favour at the hands of some English borough-proprietor, but without effect. A strenuous and expensive effort which he made in Ayrshire, at the general election of 1790, also ended in disappointment. If his success at the bar and in the political world was not very splendid, he soon obtained an effectual consolation in the reception experienced by his *Life of Dr Samuel Johnson*, which was published in 1791, in two volumes quarto. This work had been the labour of many years. Besides a minute narrative of the events of Johnson's domestic and literary life, it contained notes of all the remarkable expressions which the sage had ever uttered in Mr Boswell's presence, and an immense store of original letters. The pains which the writer had taken in verifying facts, and noting down conversations, and the skill with which the materials were put together, though characteristic of an ingenious and industrious, rather than a powerful mind—though, indeed, no mind of much power or dignity could have submitted to such drudgery—were unquestionably the means of producing a book of a most extraordinary, most delightful, and most instructive character; a book which has no companion in the world. The subject is not in itself of the most pleasing kind, for it can never be a matter of unmixed satisfaction to contemplate a being in whom great powers of thought were united to so many weaknesses; but such is the charm of Boswell's cheerful mind and lively mode of narration, so well are the various parts of the book relieved by each other, such is the interest with which the reader is inspired in perusing this "most minute and faithful account of a human being ever written," that every defect, even the self-depreciating character of the author himself, is overlooked. One useful lesson is taught by this work—how much may be done by the persevering and consistent exertion of powers in themselves trifling. Since the day of its publication, it has been making a steady advance in popularity, so that its editions are becoming more and more rapidly multiplied. It even promises to remain in time a more conspicuous monument of Johnson than his own works. These are written in a style so remote from natural, and so inconsistent with the improved taste of the public, that they are now comparatively little read: his colloquial wisdom, as reported by Boswell, is, on the contrary, easy and simple, and can never fail to excite admiration.

Boswell did not long survive the completion of this

* Notes by Sir Walter Scott to Mr Croker's edition of the *Life of Johnson*. The following anecdote of the rudeness of the great moralist has never before been in print:—In surveying the various objects shown in the library of the Edinburgh University, Johnson asked Principal Robertson "if there were any missals (Roman Catholic prayer-books) in the collection." The excellent principal, mistaking the pronunciation of the word, exhibited to him various Roman darts, &c. (missiles). Johnson, without deigning to give any explanation, turned away with a look of great scorn, saying very audibly, "Dr Robertson, I see you know nothing about the matter." The anecdote is derived from the late Mr Smellie, the eminent naturalist, who was present on the occasion.

* Many years after, Boswell brought an action against Sir Adam Ferguson, Bart. M.P. for the recovery of £100, which he had requested to be given in his name, but afterwards refused to pay. Lord Monboddo awarded Boswell the one half of the amount claimed, no representation being made for Mr Crosbie, who had in the meantime died.

† London Magazine, September 1769, where there is a portrait of Boswell, as he appeared at the Stratford festival.

great undertaking. A disorder which commenced in an intermittent fever carried him off, May 19, 1795, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. After speaking so freely of his diseased veneration and his self-despising good humour, we shall conclude with a few kind and judicious sentences which his personal character drew from the pen of Sir William Forbes, and which seem to embrace all that remains to be said. "The circle of his acquaintance among the learned, the witty, and indeed among all ranks and professions, was extremely extensive, as his talents were considerable, and his convivial powers made his company much in request. His warmth of heart towards his friends was very great; and I have known few men who possessed a stronger sense of piety, or more fervent devotion (tinctured no doubt with some little share of superstition, which had probably been in some measure fostered by his intimacy with Dr Johnson), perhaps not always sufficient to regulate his imagination or direct his conduct, yet still genuine, and founded both in his understanding and his heart. For Mr Boswell I entertained a sincere regard, which he returned by the strongest proof in his power to confer, by leaving me the guardian of his children."

CHARMING AWAY DISEASES.

THE London newspapers lately amused their readers with the account of an Irishman, somewhere in the metropolis, who tried to charm away the whooping-cough from his child, by passing it to his wife below the belly of a donkey. Whether this be an established usage in the practice of domestic medicine among the Irish, we are not aware; but we know full well that in Scotland it has long been a practice, in the case of any apparently unaccountable illness in children, for the father of the young invalid to pass it to the mother through the smoke of a fire, receiving a small coin in exchange. Although this very ancient custom of "selling through the reek," as it is called, lingers, like other superstitious practices, only among the most ignorant of the community, it is painful to reflect that instances of such gross delusion should still be found to exist among any class of people, in any part of the country, and the circumstance is, of itself, sufficient to justify the establishment of schools of general instruction on a scale far more extensive than has hitherto been attempted—for it is only by the proper education of the young that we are to hope for the complete eradication of superstition in all its dark and humiliating details.

The practice of charming for the cure of diseases is of great antiquity, and is thus described at length by a writer in the *Monthly Review*. "In the beginning, medicine was of necessity a superstitious and an empirical, that is to say, an experimental art, while nature pursued her course with uniform regularity; and while her operations were uninterrupted by any obstacle, men enjoyed the benefits which she bestowed, without any desire to ascertain their cause and origin; but any deviation from this course, no matter how trifling it might be, was calculated to excite their curiosity and astonish their minds. These changes being to them incomprehensible, were readily referred to the agency of some supernatural power; and the infliction of disease was attributed to the wrathful power of an offended deity, from whom both the cure and prevention were alone to be obtained. This was the true and simple notion of the case; and it was abundantly fostered by two principles, which operate powerfully upon all rude natures—a fond desire to pry into futurity, and an eager anxiety to avert impending evils. The cunning among the people imputed the origin of diseases to supernatural influence, and prescribed or performed a variety of mysterious rites, which they declared to be of power sufficient to remove them. Credulity and reverence favoured the deception, so that, among savages, their first physicians were a species of conjurors or wizards, who boasted of their knowledge of the past, and who predicted the events of the future. Incantations, sorcery, and mummeries of divers kinds, were the means which they employed to expel or counteract the causes of imaginary malignancy, upon the assumed efficacy of which they predicted with confidence the fate of their deluded patients.

Among the superstitious rites which were thus practised, by the northern nations in particular, none was so horrid as that of offering up living victims as sacrifices to the demons who were worshipped. Of these sanguinary sacrifices, none were deemed so auspicious and efficacious as that of a prince. When the lot fell upon the king to die, the annunciation was received with loud and universal acclamations, and with every vehement demonstration of joy. In Denmark, it happened, during a famine, that lots were cast for a victim to be offered up, as a propitiatory sacrifice for its prevention. The lot fell upon Prince Domelder, who was accordingly sacrificed, to the manifest delight of his loving subjects. Olaus Tretelger, another mighty potentate, was burnt alive, as an offering to appease the wrath of an infuriated war-god. In this and similar sects originated a vast quantity of delusion and jugglery. The charming away of diseases, by certain cabalistical words or sentences, became a favourite mode with many, and possessed of

* Life of Dr Beattie, note to Letter 107.

very particular efficacy. Sometimes a single word was used, sometimes a rhyme, at others a moral apophthegm. These charms were often written upon papyrus, wood, or some other substance, and suspended as an amulet round the neck, or applied to other parts of the patient's body. The remedy mentioned by Serenus Samonicus, for the cure of fever, consisted in writing upon paper the word Abracadabra in a particular manner, and suspending it round the neck by a silken thread.

The Jews attributed a similar virtue to the word Abracalan, used in the same manner; and the Turks inscribed words and sentences from the Koran. The Greeks, with their accustomed ingenuity, improved upon this method of charming, by employing mechanical means in conjunction with their incantations. Thus, Homer, speaking of Ulysses, when wounded on Parnassus by a wild boar, tells us—

'With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound,
Then, chanting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confessed the force—
The tides of life regained their azure course.'

This binding of the knee, by the way, was not bad surgery, as it was amply sufficient to restrain the bleeding, and close the wound; but this alone would have been too simple a plan for the imaginative Greeks, in whose estimation the 'mystic lays' were no doubt supremely restorative.

In process of time, a farther improvement was effected upon the mode of charming away diseases, by adding to it the use of certain herbs and plants, in the collecting and administering of which, however, a great deal of mummery was employed. Thus, the Druids, in gathering the plant solago, or black hellebore, would not use any sharp or cutting instrument; it was to be plucked with the right hand, which was carefully covered with a part of their robe, and then conveyed secretly into the left; and, lastly, it was considered indispensably necessary that the Druid who was delegated to this important office should be clothed in white, be barefooted, and previously offer a sacrifice of bread and wine. Of course the plant thus elaborately and mystically gathered was an undisputed catholicon. Vervain, a plant much used in magical operations, and even now occasionally employed as an amulet, was obtained with equal solemnity. It was to be gathered at the rising of the dog-star, or at the break of day, before the sun was above the horizon; an expiatory sacrifice of fruit and honey having been previously offered up. Persons rubbed with vervain thus sanctified, were considered invulnerable to the attacks of fever, and, indeed, to those of any other malady: it possessed, also, the miraculous power of reconciling the hearts of such as were at enmity—no matter from what source this enmity might have arisen. Pity it is that such a useful intercessor should be unknown in its effects to us, in these times of virulence and animosity!

Few of us are unacquainted with the solemnity of the ceremonies which the early priests and physicians of our own island employed in gathering the mistletoe, which was esteemed of such blessed value, that they believed the gods expressly sent it down from heaven for the advantage and felicity of man. It was considered as a specific for epilepsy, apoplexy, and vertigo; and a water was distilled from it, which was deemed, like Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and some other nostrums that we could mention, a remedy for all maladies. Virgil has commemorated the gathering of the mistletoe, and the reader will find a more full description of it in Pliny. The ceremony must, in truth, have been sufficiently imposing. First went the soothsayers, singing hymns in honour of the deity: next came a herald, with a rod in his hand, and he was followed by three Druids bearing the sacrificial apparatus. Last of all appeared the arch-Druid, clothed in a white robe, and followed by the people. Having arrived at the appointed place, the arch-Druid ascended the oak, and cut the mistletoe with a golden sickle. The attendant Druids received it with great reverence into the *Sagum*, or white cassock. Then followed the sacrifice of two white bulls, to which succeeded a feast, and prayers were offered up to the deity to endue the plant with its godlike qualities. Thus ended the ceremony, and the plant became the means of communicating benefits to all who were permitted to partake of it.

Numerous examples might be adduced of the prevalence and peculiarity of these medicinal charms in the rude and early ages of the world. Even now their existence is very common among the Indian nations yet uncivilised. In most parts of Africa, the priests, or marabouts, carry on a considerable traffic in vending charms, which are called *Grigris*, and which are made after the most approved priestly fashion, to answer every contingency. They afford protection from thunderbolts, as easily as safety from sickness; they procure a multitude of wives, and insure the success of their accouchements; they prevent shipwreck and slavery, and are sure to be attended by victory in battle. There were two or three of these *Grigris* in the Leverian Museum; they contain generally a prayer to Mahomet, rolled up in linen, and were probably made in imitation of the phylacteries of the Jews, which were rolls or slips of parchment inscribed with sentences of Scripture, in obedience to the command—'to bind them for a sign upon their heads, and to be as frontlets between their eyes.' But it is not only among the rude savages of India and the Eastern World that the virtue of medicinal

charms is implicitly credited. The illiterate and simple natives of this enlightened kingdom, especially those in its remotest districts, repose all necessary faith in the same fascinating delusions; and there is not 'a goody' in any of our remote villages who has not a specific charm for hooping-cough, ague, teething, convulsions, epilepsy, and every other ordinary disease. Every one is acquainted with the assumed efficacy of the 'royal touch' in cases of king's evil, or scrofula; and scarcely a week passes by that we do not see in the newspapers an advertisement for the disposal of a 'child's caul,' which has the miraculous power of preserving sailors from the perils of the deep, and from the affliction of faithless love—and which may be occasionally procured for the trifling sum of fourteen or fifteen guineas!

To many of our readers the majority of charms in vogue among the vulgar must be well known; but as our object is to display at one view the delusions of medicine, we shall not scruple to transcribe the most remarkable. One method of obtaining a cure for the hooping-cough, is to inquire of the first person who is met riding upon a piebald horse, what is good for that malady. A friend of Dr Lettson, who once went a journey on a horse of this description, was so frequently interrupted by questions about this disease, that it was with some difficulty he effected his progress through the villages in his route. He frequently silenced the importunities of his interrogators by recommending a toast in brandy. No disease has given rise to a more curious catalogue of charms than the ague. A common practice in some parts of the country, is for the patient to run nine times through a circle formed by a briar that grows naturally in that direction. The process is to be repeated nine successive days. A spider given, *unknown*, to the patient, is miraculously efficacious in preventing a paroxysm; and we have heard, on unquestionable authority, of the decided effect of the snuff of a candle. These, however, can scarcely be termed charms, for the beneficial result is entirely dependent upon the ammoniacal salt, or some other property, in the substance administered, aided probably by some mental operation.

The perils of infantile dentition afford ample scope for the use of charms. These are chiefly in the form of beads or bands; and who is unacquainted with the 'anodyne necklace' of the celebrated Dr Gardener? which was thus touchingly recommended by its immortal inventor:—'What mother,' he asks, 'can forgive herself, who suffers her child to die without an anodyne necklace?' Many charms are also employed for the cure of the toothache, and among others that of extracting a worm from the diseased tooth is a profitable source of deception. An ingenious female quack realised in London, not many years ago, a very handsome income, by imposing upon the credulity of the public in the pretended extraction of this worm. This she effected in the following manner:—She contrived to introduce into the patient's mouth the grub of a silk-worm, which, after certain manual operations, she pretended to extract, exhibiting the parasitical tormentor to the perfect admiration and conviction of the dupe. That she sometimes achieved a cure, we do not doubt; for the influence of the imagination on the toothache, and on many other nervous affections, is too well known to need support or illustration. For the cure of epilepsy, or the falling-sickness, numerous have been the charms which have been invented, and marvellously mystical withal. A common remedy among the lower orders about London, and especially in Essex, is to cut the top of a black cat's tail, in order to procure three drops of blood, which are to be taken in a spoonful of milk, drawn from the female breast; and this is to be repeated three successive days. If the patient be a male, the woman from whom the milk is to be taken must have lain in of a girl; and of a boy, if the patient be a female; but if the patient be apprised of the period when this precious potion was compounded, it will assuredly lose its efficacy. Dr Lettson met with three instances within a fortnight, where this plan had been strongly recommended. For a similar effect the patient is to creep, head foremost, down three pair of stairs, three times a day, for three successive days. Let us remember that three is the root of the mystic number nine, and that it is still depended upon by freemasons.

Such were the delusive and barbarous absurdities which characterised the practice of the art of medicine, long after civilisation had shed its softening influence over Europe. Who were the master-spirits to whom the medical art is indebted for its present proud perfection, founded, as this perfection is, not upon servile adherence to pre-existing dogmata, nor upon custom and precedent, but upon the safe, and substantial, and certain principles of nature, deduced from a close observance of her operations, and a more perfect knowledge of her mysteries? Who, we ask, have been the philosophers who have wrought this salutary reformation? The catalogue is not cumbersome. We have Cheyn, that blunt but honest man; and Cheselden and Pote, the first great improvers of modern surgery; and Heberden, the classical and learned Heberden; the Fordyce and Pitcairn; the two Hunters and Baillie. Others there were, perhaps, who might contribute their quota towards the improvement of medical science; but those we have named are the leading reformers, and their efforts have been improved upon and expanded by their il-

lustrious successors, till the art, in all its branches, has reached its present pre-eminence. Never, perhaps, was there an age in which Europe, and even England, could boast of so powerful a phalanx of professional talent as they now possess. It is supremely pleasing to see men, with an ardour at once untiring and extraordinary, toiling away with unceasing industry in the fertile but choked-up fields of science, clearing away the weeds and the rubbish, and planting such good and sound seed as shall grow up and multiply an hundred-fold. Medicine had been too long clogged with the empiricism of custom, which was fostered in every conceivable manner by indolence on the one hand, and by bigoted pride on the other. Until John Hunter, than whom no man was more honest and independent, effected those beneficial discoveries which have laid the foundation of all subsequent success and excellence, the practice of surgery, as well as that of medicine, was exceedingly uncertain and fluctuating in its principles. Indeed, with a very few exceptions, and we have mentioned the majority, there were, in strict truth, no principles of practice at all; certain diseases occurred, and were valorously met with and combated by such specifics as the idleness or knavery of preceding practitioners had invented; as to the *rational* of the disease, or the mode of operation of the medicine, these were refinements infinitely too sublime for the comprehension of our practitioners. Nothing, indeed, was so bad, nothing so abominably disgraceful as the practice of physic, even in an age comparatively modern. The majority of our living professional luminaries can, however, accomplish all that is necessary, and have done much by their upright and gentlemanly conduct, to purify the practice from the stains which blotted it."

A DROLL STORY—BUT NO JOKE.

IN the work called "Random Shots, from a Rifle-man, by J. Kincaid," the author relates the following droll incident, which occurred during the Peninsular campaign:—"My business is with a youth who had the day before joined the division. Mr Rogers had, the day before, arrived from England, as an officer of one of the civil departments attached to the light division, and, as might be expected, on finding himself all at once up with the outposts of the army, he was full of curiosity and excitement. Equipped in a huge cocked hat, and a scarlet coat half military and half civil, he was dancing about with his budget of inquiries, when chance threw him in the way of the gallant and lamented Jock MacCulloch, at the time a lieutenant in the rifles, and who was in the act of marching off a company to relieve one of the pickets for the night.

MacCulloch, full of humour, seeing the curiosity of the fresh arrival, said, 'Come, Rogers, my boy, come along with me; you shall share my beefsteak, you shall share my boat-cloak, and it will go hard with me but you shall see a Frenchman, too, before we part in the morning.' The invitation was not to be resisted, and away went Rogers on the spur of the moment.

The night turned out a regular Tam o' Shanter's night, or, if the reader pleases, a Wellington night, for it is a singular fact that almost every one of his battles was preceded by such a night; the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and all the fire-engines in the world seemed playing upon the lightning and the devoted heads of those exposed to it. It was a sort of night that was well calculated to be a damper to a bolder spirit than the one whose story I am relating; but he, nevertheless, sheltered himself as he best could under the veteran's cloak, and put as good a face upon it as circumstances would permit.

As usual, an hour before daybreak, MacCulloch, resigning the boat-cloak to his dosing companion, stood to his arms, to be ready for whatever changes daylight might have in store for him; nor had he to wait long, for day had just begun to dawn when the sharp crack from the rifle of one of the advanced sentries announced the approach of the enemy, and he had just time to counsel his terrified bedfellow to make the best of his way back to the division, while he himself waited to do battle. Nor had he much time for preparation, for, as Napier says, 'Ney, seeing Crawford's false dispositions, came down upon them with the stoop of an eagle. Four thousand horsemen, and a powerful artillery, swept the plain, and Loison's division coming up at a charging pace, made towards the centre and left of the position.' MacCulloch, almost instantly, received several bad sabre wounds, and, with five-and-twenty of his men, was taken prisoner.

Rogers, it may be believed, lost no time in following the salutary counsel he had received with as clever a pair of heels as he could muster. The enemy's artillery had by this time opened, and the cannon-balls were travelling the same road, and tearing up the ground on each side of him almost as regularly as if it had been a ploughing match. Poor Rogers was thus placed in a situation which fully justified him in thinking, as most young soldiers do, that every ball was aimed at himself. He was half-distracted: it was certain death to stop where he was; neither flank offered him the smallest shelter, and he had not wind enough left in his bellows to clear the tenth part of the space between him and comparative safety; but, where life is at stake, the imagination is fertile, and it

immediately occurred to him, that, by dousing the cocked hat, he would make himself a less conspicuous object; clapping it, accordingly, under his arm, he continued his frightful career, with the feelings of a maniac and the politeness of a courtier, for to every missile that passed he bowed as low as his racing attitude would permit, in ignorance that the danger had passed along with it, performing, to all appearances, a continued rotatory sort of evolution, as if the sails of a windmill had parted from the building, and continued their course across the plain, to the utter astonishment of all who saw him. At length, when exhausted nature could not have carried him twenty yards farther, he found himself among some skirmishers of the 3d Caçadores, and within a few yards of a rocky ridge, rising out of the ground, the rear of which seemed to offer him the long-hoped-for opportunity of recovering his wind, and he sheltered himself accordingly.

This happened to be the first occasion in which the Caçadores had been under fire; they had the highest respect for the bravery of their British officers, and had willingly followed where their colonel had led; but having followed him into the field, they did not see why they should not follow another out of it; and when they saw a red coat take post behind a rock, they all immediately rushed to take advantage of the same cover. Poor Rogers had not, therefore, drawn his first breath when he found himself surrounded by these Portuguese warriors, nor had he drawn a second before their colonel (Sir George Elder) rode furiously at him with his drawn sword, exclaiming 'Who are you, you scoundrel, in the uniform of a British officer, setting an example of cowardice to my men?—get out of that instantly, or I'll cut you down!'

Rogers's case was desperate; he had no breath left to explain that he had no pretensions to the honour of being an officer, for he would have been cut down in the act of attempting it: he was, therefore, once more forced to start for another heat with the round shot, and, like a hunted devil, got across the bridge, he knew not how; but he was helm up for England the same day, and the army never saw him more."

QUOTING.

It is a matter of importance in the conducting of a newspaper, and particularly of a literary periodical, to quote authorities correctly in the case of selected articles and paragraphs. Inattention, wilful or accidental, to this matter, frequently leads to consequences injurious both to the original writer and to the party who quotes, especially the latter, who loses a character for honesty, and becomes unworthy of credence. Taking up an English provincial newspaper a day or two ago, our eye was attracted by a lengthy paragraph, describing an amusing incident which we remembered having lately read in Miss Mitford's new work, "Belford Regis," but which, instead of having that authoress's name or production appended to it, was quoted from another newspaper, where, no doubt, it first appeared without any acknowledgment whatever. Here there was a triple injury committed—first, Miss Mitford was deprived of her just right; second, she was placed in the situation in which it might be imputed to her that she had taken the passage without acknowledgment from the newspaper quoted; and, third, the second newspaper was decoyed into the commission and perpetuation of an error, of which there is no seeing the end. Thus, one act of indiscretion in literature leads to a complication of injury, and a confusion as to the real authorship of ideas, which it is next to impossible to clear up in after times. To say the least of it, it is very short-sighted policy for editors to conceal the authority to whom they stand indebted for their selected matter; for when the theft is discovered—as it is always sure to be by some one, sooner or later—it has the effect of injuring themselves. Let us present an instance in point. On looking over the tenth volume of an American literary periodical, entitled the *New York Mirror*, we perceive several articles taken from our Journal, without any acknowledgment, and, what is fully worse, several with wrong quotations. At page 240, we see an article of ours, which appeared in the 38th number of the Journal, with the title "TAILORS," quoted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and another, with the title "LEISURE," which appeared in our 30th number, quoted from the *Metropolitan*. At page 323, we perceive another article of ours, "THE FLOWING OF WATER;" and at page 307, another from the 22d number of our Journal, which we entitled "VICIOUS FORMS OF SPEECH AND COMPOSITION," but which the editors of the *Mirror* have placed under the head "THE PHILOLOGIST," and called "FORMS OF SPEECH AND COMPOSITION;" both being equally void of acknowledgment, and having all the appearance of original articles by writers in the *Mirror*. At other parts of the volume, we perceive the same evidences

of carelessness, or a design to conceal the names of works quoted from, and particularly of wrong quotation; sometimes, for instance, the *Athenæum* being cited, when the real authority was some other periodical. From whatever cause this strange practice of abstaining from quoting authorities, or of quoting wrongly, arises, its natural tendency is to depreciate the character of the *New York Mirror* as a work of original composition. It must likewise have the effect of making others, as well as ourselves, cautious in quoting matter from its pages bearing the appearance of originality, or which has the acknowledgment of being from a different source. Curiously enough, the *New York Mirror*, at page 223, vol. 10, contains an article on the subject we are now alluding to, entitled "QUOTING INCORRECTLY," in which the editors very properly, though, we should think, very inconsistently with their practice, reprimand those who do not quote correctly from books:—"If there be any particular crime (say they) for which young-gentlemen-writers deserve breaking on the wheel, it is that which forms the title of this paragraph," &c. What an exemplification have we here of the ability which all of us, less or more, possess of seeing the faults of our neighbours, and being blind to our own!

We now pass from a subject which we certainly should never have adverted to, but for the purpose of pointing out the impropriety of misquotation in literature, from the confusion it is apt to create in relation to real authorship.

SONNETS.

[By Edward Moxon. London, 1833.]

I.

By classic Cam a lovely flow'ret grew;
The sun scarce shone upon its tender birth
Ere it was left, the loneliest thing on earth,
An orphan bent by every wind that blew.
And yet the summer fields in all their pride
And lustiness of beauty, could compare
No gem with this. Fairest of all things fair
Was she whose sole endeavour was to hide
Her brightness from the day; nor fawn more gay
Or sportive, in its liveliest mood, could be
Than was this flower, rejoicing in the glee
Of its own nature. Thitherward one day
Walking perchance, the lovely gem I spied,
And from that moment sought it for my Bride!

II.

My Love I can compare with nought on earth,
And all my fear is only lest she be,
Like all we prize too much, remov'd from me,
'Mong amaranths to bloom of heavenly birth.
The fields of Cam bear witness of her worth;
The pleasant Lea soft murmurs in her praise;
Fair Cheshunt still rejoiceth in her mirth;
And Thamis at her feet his treasure lays!
Italia bright would claim her for its own;
But Albion, the seat of all my bliss,
Divides with it the boast, and prouder is
Of this than the chief jewel of her crown.
Happy is he who may possess this flower,
For which two nations wreathe so rare a dower!

III.

The cygnet crested on the purple water;
The fawn at play beside its graceful dam;
On cowslip bank, in spring, the artless lamb;
The hawthorn robed in white, May's fragrant
daughter;
The willow weeping o'er the silent stream;
The rich laburnum with its golden show;
The fairy vision of a poet's dream;
On summer eve earth's many-coloured bow;
Diana at her bath; Aurora bright;
The dove that sits and singeth o'er her woes;
The star of eve; the lily, child of light;
Fair Venus' self, as from the sea she rose!
Imagine these, and I in truth will prove
They are not half so fair as she I love.

NEW SURGICAL OPERATION.

In the report of the proceedings of the British Association in Dublin, given by the *Athenæum*, we find the following passages, which we think will be read with interest by persons connected with the surgical profession:—"Mr Wharton (of Manchester) read a most interesting paper 'On partial amputations of the foot.' After an admirably drawn-up memoir on the former modes practised in France and England, and some strictures on those known as Chopart's and Hey's operations, in which, from the removal of the attachments of the tendons of the principal muscles of the leg, and the aponeuroses covering them, those muscles were rendered completely useless for the purposes of progression; and though the heel remained, the limb was scarcely so serviceable as a wooden leg. Mr Wharton proposed and entered into a minute detail of the longitudinal operation which he had been long in the habit of performing, and, as evidence of its complete success, and the advantages attending it, he presented to the section a patient on whom he had so operated. The man walked stoutly, without even a halt, could stand with ease on the imperfect foot, and seemed to suffer very slight inconvenience from the loss he had sustained, though, in this case, the three outer toes and metatarsal bones, the third cuneiform and cuboid

bones, and a portion of the os calcis, were removed. Mr Wharton exhibited casts, taken from the foot at different periods after the operation, which, at the request of Professor Harrison, he presented to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. Dr Granville expressed his high admiration of the operation so admirably detailed, and proposed a resolution expressive of the particular approbation and thanks of the section, with a request that the author of it would not wait for the formal volume of the Transactions of the Association to publish such an admirable and useful operation, for the benefit of the profession and the community. Mr Carmichael, as the senior of the profession in Ireland present, begged leave to second the motion, and bore witness to the very inconvenient and almost useless condition of the limb after the transverse operation of Chopart had been performed; he did not hesitate to characterise Mr Wharton's operation as one of the most important improvements introduced into modern surgery." After some conversation, the resolution was agreed to.

TO OUR AGRICULTURAL READERS.—Many farmers are convinced that the great cause of the failure in the germination of potatoes for the last three years, has been the injury they have sustained from heating in the covered heaps in which they are almost generally kept through the winter. An effectual way of preventing this is to place them in thin layers, and to cover every layer or stratum with earth about an inch thick, until the heap is of the proper height and form. The heap thus formed should not be more than three feet wide at the base, and, when brought to the proper degree of sharpness, it should be covered with earth at least six inches thick, and then carefully thatched with straw, so as to keep out the frost. This ought to be done on a dry piece of ground, as the drier the earth thus intermixed with the potatoes, so much the better. When preserved in this manner, the potatoes come out of the pit or heap as fresh and well-tasted as when they are newly taken out of the ground; and that they will all vegetate (or grow when set), no one will doubt who has observed how the potato grounds have, during late years, sprung up abundantly where they were not wanted, among wheat and barley. This is the theory of a valued friend and correspondent, and we submit it to the consideration of our agricultural readers.—*Inverness Courier*.

TEMPERANCE.—Man was destined to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, to work for his food. Here there is a provision made for that which is so much neglected by all classes, but those with whom it is part and parcel of their occupation—I mean exercise. Unaided by his fellow-men, destitute as yet of the advantages which a division of labour and commerce supply, his food would of necessity be confined to the few simple herbs which his own toil could extract from the earth, or to the animals which he had earned by his exertions in the chase. Here, then, are two of the first, and the two most important regulations of which modern dietetics inculcate the observance—namely, exercise and diet. For the best of all reasons, a man so situated would not indulge in the use of stimulants; he would not know either that they could be procured or how to procure them; and, consequently, neither from ale, nor wine, nor spirits, would he run any risk. And here we find the third section in nature's scheme of diet—sobriety; and a sobriety, it will be observed, not merely the comparative degree of drunkenness, but positive temperance, complete abstinence from stimulating liquids. This, then, may be said to be the natural state of man—the state in perfect accordance with which his organs were formed, and all the tissues of his body were fashioned and modified.—*Robertson on Diet*.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Some poachers have lately found out a new method of facilitating the capture of hares. They merely lay their nets at some particular gate or stile, or at some hare-run in the hedge, and then go round to all the other gaps and runs in the hedges, and whiff tobacco over them. So delicate is the smell of the hare, that she will not pass through where the tobacco has been, and of course chooses an egress free from taint, where there is sure to be a net or wire, and thus she is caught.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*.

PRICES OF LABOUR.—The factory operative, in England, works 69 hours per week, for which, on an average, he has 11s. of wages; in America, he works 78 hours and has 10s.; in France, he works from 72 to 84 hours and has 5s. 8d.; in Prussia, he works from 72 to 90 hours and has 5s. 8d.; in Switzerland, he works from 78 to 84 hours and has 4s. 5d.; in the Tyrol, he works from 72 to 80 hours and has 4s.; in Saxony, he works 72 hours and has 3s. 6d.; in Bonn in Prussia, he works 94 hours and has only 2s. 6d.—*Factory Commission Report*.

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